

Grass Cuttings by MistressYin

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Summary:

Does anyone remember the mentioning of 'the grass cuttings incident' I do! (This is best read after reading the previous of its series, but do as you please)

Here it is!

And the phrase of the day is...Grass Cuttings!

Grass Cuttings

Author's Note:

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And the phrase of the day is...Grass Cuttings!

Steve stared at the messy lawn in horror. His gaze flicked by to the lawn mower.

He had to mow the entire lawn today for all their guests. The only problem was his exhaustion and fast heartbeat hammering against his chest.

He could taste sleep on his tongue and hunger pooled in his stomach.

He rubbed his sore eyes and got to work.

Over and over again with sore legs he walked the mower down and up, cleaning the grass as best as he could and going over spots he missed.

He rubbed at his tired eyes as the humidity of Indiana weather got to him. Summer here was hell, but it was a slight improvement to the icy filled winters they received.

One last time now he stared at his work.

Then, of course, he moved onto the next section.

Eventually he lost track of time but he saw the sun rise fully and blare down even worse on his back and neck, and knew that water was most likely a necessity.

Steve looked down at his long sleeves. On the one side, he was scorching hot, on the other...his welts would be visible and burn in

reaction to the sun. He sat down on some of the annoying grass blades that littered the side walk, knowing it was probably covering his jeans.

Then he heard the distinct sound of tires spinning. His father's car was pulling into the driveway.

The car door slammed shut, Mr. Harrington's flushed cheeks matching his for entirely different reasons. He was still steady on his feet as he made his way over, however.

A lump formed in his throat. What time was it?

"Steven!"

He scrambled to his feet, sweat sliding down his back and hair matted to his face. "S-Sir?"

His father, sunglasses in place, strode over to him in the quick ten feet that distanced them.

Slap.

"Don't stutter, boy."

"Yes sir,"

Slap.

"Just to let the lesson sink in."

Steve's cheek throbbed, the bruise on the side of his face morphing into a smeared hand print.

He lowered his eyes. "Sir? Is something the matter?"

His father looked around himself in disdain. His displeasure oozed from him, making Steve's legs bounce as the jittery feeling spread even as his stomach ached for sustenance and his whole body flushed with the heat.

"Why the fuck is there grass every-" his father swayed. "Everywhere?"

The fuck? I told you to CLaN! NOT...mess up my fucking side wall,"

Steve shivered. His father's slur signified his intoxication. Fear coerced through his veins. He couldn't blow the grass away if he was beaten, and that would lead to more beatings for his laziness and failure.

"I'm not quite done yet, sir."

"Why the FUCK not?!" His father shoved his face harshly, sending him sprawling onto the floor. He swallowed.

"I had to finish up my homework first." His voice was deathly quiet.

He could hear his father's deep breaths through his nose.

Then his hair was being tugged up and his father spat in his face. He winced as his head was forced in impossible stretching, pops creaking out and breath shortening with the difficulty to intake air increasing.

"If you weren't so fucking stupid it would've been done already." His father countered, his eyes narrowing as he spat his favorite insult.

He was dragged up to his feet, his knees scraping against the blades that stuck to the floor as his eyes met his father's.

"Who's fault is this?" he gestured to the lawn.

Steve looked down as his father shook him roughly. "Mine."

"Who's completely pathetic?"

Steve grit his teeth, shame flooding his cheeks.

"I am."

"Who's fucking stupid?!" This time, he was kicked harshly to the gravel.

He went limp like a rag doll. "I am."

He heard the clicking of something snapping open, and pain laced his

back as his sweat slick sit clung to his skin.

That was the first time his back had ever been bloody and raw from his father's belt.

And definitely not the last.

Who's fault is this? Who's pathetic? Who's stupid? Who's dumb? Who's weak? Who's a wimp? Who doesn't know respect? Who's irresponsible?

Steve, according to his dear dad.

Author's Note:

Thanks again from MistressYin